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THE BLENDED FLAGS

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THE BLENDED FLAGS.

by

Mrs Marie Day

Danville, Va. (Pr.)

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DEDICATED

TO

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

To speak of the War with Spain is to mention a Poem,
Let none criticize its defects, since its aims were glorious.

THE BLENDED FLAGS.

BATTLE SONG.

Up with the Stars
  Of the flag divine,
Let them proudly float
  Where their sisters shine,
Over land and the sea,
  Our flag of the free.

Separated by wars,
  The North and the South,
United by scars
  At the cannon's mouth.
Blend the Stripes and the Bars,
  And count over the Stars.

Ill be it for Spain,
  Let its red mean woe,
We remember our Maine,
  And the Nations know
That our war it is just,
  And our rights our trust.

From Shore to shore,
  From earth to sky,
Where we proudly live,
  Let us proudly die,
And over our scars
  Throw the clustered Stars.

Let them float o'er the deep,
  Let them wave o'er the land
Where our sailors sleep,
  Where our soldiers band;
Till land and the sea
  Belong to the Free.

FEBRUARY 15.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

Who faileth to bind
  Seeks the scattered brands,
Who loseth the tide
  Must strand on the sands;
The whirlwind is reaped
  From sowing the wind,
Who casteth out pearls
  Needs feed with the swine;
Who layeth his hand
  On the tottering rock,
Must expect the sweep
  Of the earthquake's shock;
Who openeth a sluice
  Dares its strength to spend,
Who beginneth a strife
  Counteth cost at the end!

ADSUM.

Fame calls her children,
  And they spring to greet
That clarion voice,
  At once so shrill and sweet.

Even from gloomy caverns,
  Or groves of darkling green,
In sudden glance uplifted,
  The answering look is seen;

Above the rush and roar
  Of far-off battle cries,
One halts in wild career
  And instantly replies.

One looks up from a book
  Of smile, of tear, of frown,
Looks down, and lightly sighs:
  "I am thy very own."

A simple stop in music,
  In singing loud and clear,
And then she softly whispers:
  "Dear Mother, I am here."

Another pressing onward
  Beyond the surging throng,
And pushing others backward,
  "I, too, to thee belong."

And one in science searching,
  Its mysteries divine,

Raises his reverent fingers,
"Yea, truly, I am thine."

And one on board a ship,
Half blind and slightly lame,
Displays those laurel wreaths
That shield his tarnished name.

And one, in pity moving
Midst dying, and the dead,
While murmuring soothing accents,
Lifts up her glorious head.

One stoops to help a sinner,
Along the weary way,
Another answers for her:
"This child is thine for aye."

One yet, whose shining crown
Shall blaze with many a star,
The souls she loved and served,
God's tortured saints afar.

Over the earth again there bursts
Magnificence of war,
And all the others pale before
The splendor of this Star.

For Fame herself stoops down to greet
Her gallant, glorious son,
And dares the world to find a match
To equal this bright one.

DEWEY.

Shall our pride in his memory ever die,
While ship shall float, or banner fly?
Let America boast her gallant son,
Let the eagle take our flag divine,
And soar with it to the vaulted sky,
For never while stars in their glory shine
Shall another deed eclipse this one.

APRIL 23.

THE VOLUNTEER.

"Dear, it may grieve thee
To the core of thy heart,
When the call comes to leave thee,
But bid me depart

With a smile, not a tear,
Say goodbye with a kiss.
Love is dearer than life,
But dearer than this

Is the faith of a man,
For his country at need;
So buckle my sword,
And bid me God speed!

Would'st thou love me, beloved,
If coward I prove?
Nay, I know thee, but fear not!
I am worthy of love!

DECISION.

Prepare thyself for the work of life,
  No pilot takes the helm
Till he knows how to steer where the channel lies,
  And the forces that overwhelm.

Each calling hath ways of its own to learn:
  In the army, the Captain goes first,
When the danger threatens—the cannons blare,
  And the foremost dare the worst!

But on board a ship the order lies
  Just on the opposite way:
The Captain last, when the whirlwind's blast
  Leaves the ship at the ocean's sway!

But each should know how chances come
  To the man who knows how to wait,
When waiting is best! When action demands—
  To learn at that point is too late!

MAY 1.

ORGANIZATION.

"Fire when you are ready!" said
The chief to his gallant crew—
The order flashed, as ship and ship
In line of battle drew.

His record stands as calm and brave
On the eve of that conflict grand,
But remember the men were ready, when
He gave that cool command!

FIAT JUSTICIA.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly!"
But they grind all the grist at the last!
And for Spain is a vengeance holy,
For the crimes of the living past.

Ill was it for those sleeping slain,
But they woke the wrath of a nation just;
While the world in its horror, turns from Spain,
Who broke the law that savages trust.

For a guest betrayed! Betrayed as he slept!
For a treacherous blow, as he lay at peace!
Oh! Spain, have thy wives and mothers wept,
And when will that weeping cease?

CORONACH FOR THE CASTILLA.

The greatest mistake in the world is to despise an enemy.

We fought to the death, off Luzon's coasts!
Surprised in the night by the enemy's hosts;
Be the blame where it may, no one can say
That we cowards proved in that awful fray.

We nailed our flag to the tottering mast,
While the enemy's shot fell hot and fast,
And with the ship that we could not save,
Chose, instead of dishonor, an ocean grave.

A nation may honor her victory there,
But the world will the tribute pay of a tear,
For the fate that befell those sailors proud,
Who sleep with their ship as coffin and shroud.

I would none were left to tell the sad tale,
How the enemy past our defences sailed;
I would all were lying beneath the dark wave,
When the hopes of Spain went down with the brave.

We fought to the death off Luzon's coasts,
Surprised in the night by our enemy's hosts;
Be the blame where it may, no man can say
That Spaniards were cowards that awful day.

SPANIARDS.

Were their hearts as true
  As their courage high,
Would they grandly live
  As they know how to die!
Their crimes would not call
  To the throne in the sky!

MANILLA.

Let the glory be to both,
  Though the victory fell to one,
For never was such a battle fought
  Since stars in their orbits run.

Our bravest felt a thrill of pride
  At the courage of the foe;
A generous pity stayed our hands—
  The Strong would mercy show.

"Let us save those sinking ships!" we cried,
  But they signalled back again:
"The ships all at your mercy lie,
  But none shall dishonor Spain."

That flag is nailed to the mast apeak,
  Those sailors staunch and true,
And never shall I, Commander, speak
  One word to that loyal crew.

To lessen their fealty to Spain,
  Their pride for their native land—
Let the vessels sink—I, Montijo, think
  Such valorous conduct grand.

They swore not to yield to a foe,
  But to die for their youthful king;
How to their cost that pledge was kept,
  Let the world with praises ring."

So the flags went down with the ships,
  Those Spaniards breasting the waves,
Sank with defiance still on their lips,
  And our fleet dipped its flag to the graves!

MAY 11, 1898.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS.

Into the mills of the Gods have they cast
  Their grist of crime—
    Grind slowly.
Oh, fetter the wheels, let them grind more slowly,
  Filling the measure of halting time;
As the needs were doled to the measure slowly,
  But into the mill have they swept at last
The culmination of all the past;
  And swift and fast
Hath Vengeance in her power graspt
    A Retribution Holy.

Ill fated the Maine—
  Ill was it for Spain—
Who looked to the darkness of the night
  To hide her treachery from the light,
When she sent to their sleep eternal then
  Those hundreds of sleeping, trusting men,
But she stirred the wrath of a Nation just,
  Awoke the pride of our Nation's trust
    To battle for the right;
And others waked—and others slept,
  When into another haven crept
    A Retribution Holy.

Slowly! Oh, Slowly! the mills we find,
  Slowly! Oh, Slowly! they certainly grind,
    But they grind at last.

Now fetter the wheels, let them grind more slowly,
For swift do they seem in their fourfold haste,
And the meal is bitter and ill to taste,
But no grain does that mill allow to waste,
And Justice weighs its accretion solely;
Fine, fine are the grains ground still,
With generous hand does the measure fill,
Filled, filled to the heaping brim,
This measure grim—
This Retribution Holy.

MAY 9.

WORTH.

"Don't worry, Mother,
I'm all right."
He wrote at morning—
Ere the night,
While that message sped,
He lay on the deck
Of his vessel—dead.

"Don't worry, Mother,"
O'er a son
Who laid down his life
With his duty done;
Death comes to all,
Or high or low,
It depends on the man,
Be it fast or slow;
To greet him there,
As friend or foe.

How many mothers,
In this land,
Would rejoice to-day
If that ending grand
Had come to one
Who wrapt in sin,
Let the sun go down,
Death's night begin;
Would be glad to lay
Their loving hand

On a brow at peace
With God and man,
Who wish that the death
Ere the life began.

Don't worry, Mother,
He's all right;
You can proudly look
At that glorious sight,
Be proud to recall
That gallant fight,
A flash to the world
From a hero-light;
Don't worry, Mother,
He's all right!

JUNE 3.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"The channel is narrow, and rocky, and long,
And the current is deep, and swift and strong;
And the enemy's forts, all above, and beside
With the guns all trained to that narrow divide—
One chance in a million, that you could go,
And block the way of that wary foe."

"Let me take that chance," Young Hobson said,
"That chance may be opportunity made—
I'll dare the risk—"
"But I dare not make
My sailors—for even their country's sake."

"You need not make—now ask each one,
Who will dare to go, and face those guns;
I guarantee, on the whole of the fleet,
Each man will come forward on flying feet!
I shall only have to pick, and to choose,
Not a man will be willing the chance to lose;
I have reasoned it out—I am sure of my plan,
Success is certain, and every man
On every ship will beg to go—
I have only then the way to show."

Thus he plead, as if he plead for life,
And not for a terrible death in the strife.

"Work out those plans," Then he faltering said,
"I cannot consent the attempt be made—
If my ship be lost—my sailors dead—

I shall blame myself for that death-trap laid!
War is war, I know, but by my faith
You must not go to a certain death."

"But think how one—one death may save,
How many lives—you are brave—be brave
For me as for yourself! Come bid us go—
Death comes but once, I'd rather know
That he comes in the guise of a soldier's friend,
What better a fate than a soldier's end!
Just call our men and see who'll go
To sink this boat in the channel below,
And settle those ships, forever and aye—
I'll answer those men are all ready to die."

Then the Admiral signalled from ship to ship:
"Who is ready to go?" From lip to lip
The question passed, as they read each to each;
Never a moment they stopped for speech,
Each man stepped forward, at once to say:
"I am ready to go." Oh, a brave array!
Four hundred on that self same boat,
Four hundred ready!
With tears in his throat,
The Admiral turned:
"Take, Hobson, your choice."
But he bends his head with a break in his voice.

All men know well how that venture proved,
All men know the spirit that Hobson moved.
Who can hope a nation of heroes to quell?
Let all the world their praises swell!
For who could have then their fate foretold,
Let its history be written in letters of gold!

JUNE 21.

GUAM—A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
Some have greatness thrust upon them."

Some people are to greatness born,
And some achieve it all alone,
But I never heard, that once occurred,
That greatness mentioned as the third;
Until one day in our war with Spain,
In a far-off isle, in the Eastern main,
An island remote, and none of us knew,
Till we searched the map, where that island grew.

But she grew on in peace, unconscious of war;
A vessel, just casually stopped, and what for?
Fired a shotted salute, and sent to the chief
To come and be conquered—a message of grief;
But the governor, mistaking the message as sent,
Said he was sorry to say that his powder was spent,
Or he would have returned an official salute,
But he hoped they would take intention to shoot.

So nothing remained, but to annex the isles
And set up the flag with American smiles;
Of the Governor, the picture of comic despair,
They inquired did there live an American there?
In that distant isle, one American dwelt,
Imagine surprise, that that one creature felt,
When informed in the future he must rule all that land,
Title "Governor-General" with troops in command.

Yesterday a lone citizen, delving for bread,
To-day as a king, with a crown on his head;
They left him amazed at such sudden good luck,
And still more amazed at American pluck;
This really happened—is really the first
Of a case in which greatness was really thrust,
And I hope in the future before him outspread,
He may be able to keep his own crown on his head.

JULY 1.

THE PHANTOM FLEET.

It was here—It was there—
  It had sailed—It had not—
It had vanished in air—
  It was seen at such spot—

It had left the Canaries—
  It had gone back to Spain—
It had thousand vagaries
  None could explain.

Some ships had been sighted—
  A fleet had been seen—
It had crossed the Atlantic—
  It never had been—

Some vessel in going—
  Some ~~one~~ on the return—
Should certainly see them,
  If there to discern—

To cross that wide ocean
  Undetected by foes—
All waiting and watching—
  Good generalship shows.

"It is of importance—
  To locate it somewhere—
Unless its existence
  Be verily air.

To risk the whole navy
  In darkness to grope—

Is adventure too serious,
On chance of a hope.

But the whole movement
Is brought to standstill,
Without accurate knowledge—"
Victor Blue says: "I will.

I'm named for Old Glory
Waving free in the air,
My name's not for nothing—
Victor Blue is all there."

Through how much of danger,
He only can say,
But in safety he traced them,
To that harbor and bay.

He watched on the hillsides,
He counted the ships,
And safely returned
With witness of lips.

"The fleet of Cervera—
I saw—They are there—
And now what remains
Is for us to prepare.

Our duty is now
To meet them and dare,
For their presence must be
Defiant despair!

Keep day and night watches—
Relays at the gun;

Spain's last hope is shattered—
  Her last web unspun"

How often in life
  Lies the point of life's plan,
When the only salvation
  Depends on one man.

Build a character firmly,
  And events of an hour
May develope resources
  Of unconscious power.

JULY 3.

"SANTIAGO POR ESPANA!"

SPAIN'S BATTLE CRY.

"The Stars in Their Courses Fought Against—Cervera!"

Now to the Lord the glory be,
For victories over land and sea;
Thinkest thou unaided men could dare
The powers of water, fire, and air!

Spain's proudest sailors faced a foe,
And never aimed a mortal blow;
Though shot and shell their thunders threw,
They harmless fell before that crew!

Maine's martyred hundreds' spirits flew
With shielding wings of holy hue;
While sacred hosts—immortal band—
Hovered above that victory grand!

Spain's patron saint, his face aside,
Upheld no longer Spanish pride;
The golden colors sweep no more
Above that brilliant Cuban shore!

Where Genoa's sailor gave to Spain
The Empire of the Western main,
There dashed the proud ship of his name,
And with it all of Spanish fame!

The stars in their courses fought for right!
Cervera's sun set ere the night!
Then to the Lord of earth and sea,
The glory of the victory be!

JULY 3.

THE NAVY.

"Cheer the Man at the Gun!"
Said the Officer brave,
"To him be the honor today!
Our ship now floats o'er the foeman's grave,
Our Country is saved! Let the colors all wave!
To him must we homage pay!
By the steadfast force of the man at the gun
Was the battle fought, and the victory won!
Cheer the man at the gun!"

Cheer the man at the gun!
Cheer the crew each one!
For every man has his duty done!

From the Head that planned
Ere the battle began,
To the officer in the conning tower,
Whose orders flashed at the fighting hour!
The man who shot, and the man who stood
Bathed on the deck in his comrade's blood!
To the one beneath, in the dark and gloom,
Who handed up the loaded bomb;
And never knew
Whether the gun fired false or true!
While never an inch did that brave ship go,
Except while the fireman worked below;
And all that each one on the vessel knew,
From the sailor grimed, to the Uniform blue,
Was the consciousness of his duty done!
By that—the battle fought—was won!

Cheer the Man at the Gun!
Cheer the crew each one!
For every man has his duty done!

Well might the Country reward each one!
Well may the Epaulet cheer the Gun!
By their merit, the battles fought—were won!

DUTY.

"Duty is the sublimest word in the English language."

R. E. Lee.

A fearful storm has raged all night,
But with the morning's shining light
There comes a calm; the wild waves cease,
The vessel swings and sways, at peace;
I seek my friend, a sailor lad;
I laugh, I sing: "Are you not glad
To see the cheerful sun once more?
And hear the waves no longer roar?"

His eyes were ever full of fun,
But standing now beside his gun,
He looks at me—my gay songs die;
For there is that, within his eye
To tell before he says one word,
Some dread calamity occurred;
His merry face is now all grave:
"My friend, I think—I know you brave,
But turn toward the vessel's prow,
For I must tell you here, and now—
(The Captain waits to tell the rest
When the last hope has left his breast),
The ship is doomed—perhaps we may
Sight other ships ere close of day—
But hope is faint; the boats can save
Scarce half the men from the engulfing wave.
The women first—thank God, they're few,
Then come the chances for the crew—
If you have anything to do—"

And you, dear friend, what fate for you?"

I? Stay by this ship, and fire this gun,
Until the last black grain is run.
If there should come no rescuing ship—
(With faintest quivering of the lip,
As softer still his blue eye glows),
"Tell Mother then—though Mother knows—
That all her teachings were not lost—
Death found me at my Duty's post."

* * * * * *

The officers on board remained;
The prayed-for succor never came.
The gun's last charge, aslant the wave
As my hero sank to his watery grave,
Threw the salt drops in sparkling prism;
They fell on us a solem chrism!

[An incident like this really occurred.]

LADDIE'S DEATH.

[From a newspaper clipping.]

The Chaplain stood by a soldier's bed,
With choking voice, he softly said:
"What can I do, ere I kneel in prayer?
Whate'er you wish, I make my care."
In pity deep, he felt how slight
Is human aid, in the hour of death;
As the boy grasped in vain for breath—
And then his face grew all alight.

"Cut from my brow, this lock of hair,
And send it home to mother there;
And tell her she need shed no tears,
For her lessons in my childish years
Have made this hour my hour of peace—
In spite of pain, a bed of ease;
And then kneel down, Oh, Christian Brother,
And thank our God for such a Mother!"

JULY 27.

PONCE.

"A Child of this Generation."

Rumor hath thousand tongues, we're told,
But never a tongue as brazen and bold
As that of young Curtin, I'll ever uphold!

The ships were unloaded, troops ready to start;
The officers charged with the haste to depart.
The usual programme: "Surprise a 'la carte!"

"Your orders, my General, I proceed to obey;
That the Spanish surrender without any delay!
I return with their answer as soon as I may."

"The orders I bear are 'Surrender, or die!'
I expect then, of course, immediate reply,
Or the American army will want to know why?"

The average Spaniard is never a dunce:
They announced their intention to give up at once!
Young Curtin returned with the Spanish response.

"General, I have the honor to say,
They agree to evacuate as soon as they may,
That city and soldiers surrender to-day!"

"Why—what do you mean?—How could it occur?—
You've had no time to turn, or to stir?
And who sent the message?—And how did you hear?"

"I gave those demands by the telephone, sir!"

JULY 29.

LIBERTY'S TORCH.

In Columbia's harbor, a statue grand,
Holds a splendid torch, in its mighty hand;
For a hundred miles, the light it throws
Where the land juts out and the water flows.
Thousands of ships there come and go—
On errands of business, joy or woe.
What cargoes of riches, what traffic for mart,
Their leisure for pleasure, or haste to depart,
And the nights o'er the deep shine as bright as the day,
So that none may, by ignorance lose e'er the way.
If accident happen—how, or where, it may be,
None can say that the fault, was a failure to see,
For there, where America's flag is unfurled,
Does Liberty's torch illumine the world.

In the conflict, just past, with the far Phillippines,
The Powers predicted, such far different scenes,
How that army might act—by Ambition sharp spurred;
What havoc! What cruelty might have occurred!
In the moment of victory—flushed with Success—
Many men might have acted as demons possessed;
But with hearts all enshrining the lilies of love,
They showed a forbearance, that God might approve;
Wherever America's flag is unfurled,
There Liberty's torch enlightens the world.

While they view with respect, all that bravery shown,
Comes a new magnanimity they never had known;
"To the victor the spoils," cry the barbarous throngs,

To that victor that Mercy of Heroes belongs;
For he stops in his firing, and spared as they would,
And sought not to slay, but to save where they could.
Where ever such record of courage and pluck,
When e'er did a Conqueror staunch ere he struck?
With his blood at white heat—and his foe at his feet,
Where e'er find you record of Mercy so sweet?
And wherever America's flag is unfurled,
There Liberty's torch enlightens the world.

And Cuba, o'erwhelmed with her centuries' wrongs,
Takes the stand of the weak, and appeals to the strong.
Her people, enslaved by oppression of years,
Her soil all bedewed with her blood and her tears,
Her foot paths all tracked by their drippings of blood;
What wondar they swore but to die where they stood?
And a Country, whose wharves were teeming with bread,
Demands as her right that the starving be fed,
And the treacherous answer of treacherous Spain,
Is—to blow up five hundred of men on the Maine!
In revenge for that ship, ere the war-cry began;
The Spaniards expected to be slain to a man,
Instead, what a vision of Humanity burst,
The prisoners they spare, and the sick they have nursed.
The world sees the marvels their valor has wrought,
How the American sailor and soldier have fought,
How American Might guards the path to the right,
And the world calls a halt—to cheer for that sight.

A future of Peace for that Island of Tears,
A future of glory for our Union appears;
For there where America's flag is unfurled
Fair Liberty's torch enlightens the world!

AUGUST.

FITZ LEE.

"I will at once order the Seventh to cease firing."

As foremost his race has ever kept!
So foremost to the Charge he swept;
But he never fought a fight so grand,
As when at the head of a gallant band,
He kept them in order, and subject to law,
When panting and eager to march to the war;
And gained his great battle over himself,
In a fiercer strife than that of the Guelph;
When he cheerfully accepted a post—undesired,
And patiently filled all the duties required;
A soldier, a statesman, a man—up-to-date—
The hardest duty in life is to "stand and to wait."

THE FIELD OF HONOR.

Whate'er the chances that befall,
God's Saints are in his care;
Keep thou the outworks of thy life
With watching, faith and prayer.

Howe'er the battletide may rage,
He knows the signs they bear;
And though the noise and carnage wage,
His arm shall shield thee there!

Be not fainthearted, warrior true!
The soldiers of the Cross
Must know, however the storms obscure,
His eye sees straight across!

The wages but of sin are Death!
Naught that the world may do
Need keep thy soul below thy faith,
Thy path lies right straight through!

To where? Oh God! Thy camping ground
Is there, beyond the blue,
Safe, aye, are they, Thy chosen guard,
Whose hands and hearts prove true!

WAR.

"Give peace in our time, Oh, Lord."—Prayer-book.

There never was a lovelier sound
To greet the ear, the world around,
Than the bugle note on the morning air,
With the banners floating proudly there;
The lust of the eye, and the pride of life
Awakens at call to herald a strife,
For ever was braver sight to see,
Than the march to the front at War's decree;
Those manly forms with their martial grace,
And the resolute look of the soldier face.

What grander than record of daring deed?
The Comrade's claim to comrade's need?
But the roll of the drum at dawn of day,
Calls for brother and brother, a brother to slay;
And underneath that glitter of spears,
Is the cry of the orphan, the widow's tears.
Do they drown the blood of that terrible plain?
Dread groans of the dying? Worse silence of slain?
Each one conqueror means a thousand slaves,
And one live hero, a thousand graves.

How many prayers ascend on high?
Does our Lord in His justice pass them by?
Is His hand shortened, that it does not spare?
Is that arch of Heaven but dome of air?
I know that the Lord in His wonderful might,
Maketh hands to make war, and fingers to fight;
But let the occasion of warmaking cease,
Let the twentieth century witness earth's peace.

SEPTEMBER 18.

WINNIE DAVIS.

"The Daughter of the Confederacy."

She was born at the close of a terrible war,
Her life spent 'midst years of contention and strife;
With the ills that follow subversion of law,
The ranklings and smoulderings of wrath all arife,
The hate that dwells ever at point of the knife.
She died at the close of another dread war,
Yet over her coffin healed many a scar.

Now let the Country arouse to new life,
A life that it never has known in the past,
For our History discloses from first to the last,
The sting that exists in a family feud;
The struggle of brothers, of kindred blood,
With all of their qualities, generous and good,
Warped and perverted and misunderstood.

Arrayed 'gainst each other in jealous regard,
Now let these feelings stern, cruel, and hard,
Die in our hearts. Let this maiden's death heal;
Let this common sorrow our kinship reveal.
Wreathe with the Stripes the Stars and the Bars,
And cover forever our wars and our scars.
As the Blue and the Gray paid homage today,
Let the peace that we pray for commence its new sway.

THE RED CROSS.

History seldom records in her annals of life
The part that a woman may take in the strife,
As she seldom records if the sun were in view,
So she slurs o'er the actions so tender and true;
How she cheers on the brave to the front of the field,
How she weeps o'er the fallen, borne home on the shield;
How she bends o'er the stricken, to solace each woe,
How she binds up the wounded, be they friend, be they foe;
How she kneels to receive the hero's last sigh—
To close those poor eyelids in loving good bye.

As the sun shines, however, illuming the sky;
As the waters flow always, unceasingly by;
As the winds blow unheeding along the wide space:
So the world is softened and lightened by woman's fair grace.
But acts unregarded by man in his sphere,
Inscribe in their silence a record as clear,
And shine as the sun shines to warm and to cheer.

And Thou on the Cross, bearing sins not thine own,
To Thee must the anguish of women be known,
And to thee, Oh! Brave Woman! Red Cross on thy breast!
Who succor the helpless, relieve the opprest,
Await thou in silence, the truth of the test;
Pure gold of earth's heroism, Highest and best!

DECEMBER 11.

GARCIA.

Oh! Dauntless leader of that patriot band!
Like yet another prophet of a record grand;
Falling asleep, in ~~the~~ sight of promised land!

VIA LUX.

Now the war with Spain is ended,
And the flags together blended;
Let all rancour be suspended!
  Let it cease!
Let Fame, at Friendship's portal
Clasp our hands in faith immortal!
  At a common altar, Peace!
  The Universal Peace!

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